going to write? the conditions of our duel, isn't it so?

By L. Hipolito Lucas. 

M. Landry, Editor; thirty years,

Sister-in-Law.

# The Honor of Corsica. False to Her Colors. Marietta Under

By Mary Millard.

A Sister-in-Law
A Myster-in-Law
By Mary Millard.

By Mary Mill

## The Apple Tree. B, G-ne Stone.

more than this. It brought my aunt to
the country.

"The dear child," she wrote, "is looking
pale and hipped. I am sure you will be
pleased to find room for us in your
tachelor home for a few days; a breath of
tecountry air will soon pick the dear child
up again."

The "dear child" was Beatrice. A "few
days" would mean a week at least, if not
two. Beatrice and I are cousins, distant
cousins, but still cousins. My aunt was
you."

I got breakfast over as soon as I could,
and then, without waiting for my aunt to
leave the table. I fled from the room out
of the house and made for the cottage.
This was to be an authorized game of
tideand-seek. It would not do, therefore,
As I opened the dining room door and
out my face inside the room, I heard an exciamation. For the moment I saw only
marietta," I said, "I have come to find
you."

By Herbert Hart.